

To church the two together went,
Both doubtless on devotion bent;
The parson preached with fluent ease
On Pharisees and Sadducees;
And as they homeward slowly walked
The lovers on the sermon talked;
And he—how deeply loved the maid—
In soft and tender accents said,
"Darling, do you not think that we
Are Pharisee and Sadducee?"
She flashed on him her bright, black eyes,
In one swift look of vexed surprise,
And then he hastened to aver
He was her constant worshipper.
"But, Mary, I insist," said he,
"That you are very fair, I see;
I know you don't care much for me,
And that makes me so sad, you see."

—Boston Post.

THE PETERKIN'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

Pretty early in the autumn the Peterkins began to prepare for their Christmas tree. Everything was done in great privacy, as it was to be a surprise to the neighbors, as well as to the rest of the family. Mr. Peterkin had been up to Mr. Bromwich's wood lot, and with his consent, selected the tree. Agamemnon went to look at it occasionally after dark, and Solomon John made frequent visits to it mornings, just after sunrise. Mr. Peterkin drove Elizabeth Eliza and her mother that way, and pointed furtively to it with his whip, but none of them spoke of it aloud to each other. It was suspected that the little boys had been to see it Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. But they came home with their pockets full of chestnuts and said nothing about it.

At length Mr. Peterkin had it cut down and brought secretly into the Larkin's barn. A week or two before Christmas a measurement was made of it, with Elizabeth Eliza's yard measure. To Mr. Peterkin's great dismay, it was discovered that it was too high to stand in the back parlor. This fact was brought out at a secret council of Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, Elizabeth Eliza, and Agamemnon.

Agamemnon suggested that it might be set up slanting, but Mrs. Peterkin was very sure it would make her dizzy, and the candles would drip.

But a brilliant idea came to Mr. Peterkin. He proposed that the ceiling of the parlor should be raised to make room for the top of the tree.

Elizabeth Eliza thought the space would need to be quite large. It must not be like a small box, or you could not see the tree.

"Yes," said Mr. Peterkin, "I should have the ceiling lifted all across the room; the effect would be finer."

Elizabeth Eliza objected to having the whole ceiling raised, because her room was over the back parlor, and she would have no floor while the alteration was going on, which would be very awkward. Besides, her room was not very high, now, and if the floor were raised, perhaps she could not walk in it upright.

Mr. Peterkin explained that he didn't propose altering the whole ceiling, but to lift up a ridge across the room at the back part where the tree was to stand. This would make a hump, to be sure, in Elizabeth Eliza's room; but it would go across the whole room.

Elizabeth Eliza said she would not mind that. It would be like the cuddy thing that comes up on the deck of a ship, that you sit against, only here you would not have the sea-sickness. She thought she should like it for a rarity. She might use it for a divan.

Mrs. Peterkin thought it would come in the worn place of the carpet, and might be a convenience in making the carpet over.

Agamemnon was afraid there would be trouble in keeping the matter secret, for it would be a long piece of work for a carpenter; but Mr. Peterkin proposed having the carpenter for a day or two, for a number of other jobs.

One of them was to make all the chairs in the house of the same height, for Mrs. Peterkin had nearly broken her spine by sitting down in a chair that she had supposed was her own rocking chair, and it had proved to be two inches lower. The little boys were now large enough to sit in any chair; so a medium was fixed upon to satisfy all the family, and the chairs were made uniformly of the same height.

On consulting the carpenter, however, he insisted that the tree should be cut off at the lower end to suit the height of the parlor, and demurred at so great a change as altering the ceiling. But Mr. Peterkin had set his mind upon the improvement, and Elizabeth Eliza had cut her carpet in preparation for it.

So the folding doors into the back parlor were closed, and for nearly a fortnight before Christmas there was a great litter of fallen plastering and lath, and chips, and shavings; and Elizabeth Eliza's carpet was taken up, and the furniture had to be changed, and one night she had to sleep at the Bromwich's, or there was a long hole in her floor that might be dangerous.

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men enabled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DEC. 28, 1876.

NUMBER 52.

All this delighted the little boys. They could not understand what was going on. Perhaps they suspected a Christmas tree, but they did not know why a Christmas tree should have so many chips, and were still more astonished at the hump that appeared in Elizabeth Eliza's room. It must be a Christmas present, or else the tree in a box.

Some aunts and uncles, too, arrived a day or two before Christmas, with some small cousins. These cousins occupied the attention of the little boys, and there was a great deal of whispering and mystery, behind the doors, and under the stairs, and in the corners of the entry.

Solomon John was busy, privately, making some candles for the tree. He had been collecting some bayberries, as he understood they made very nice candles, so that it would not be necessary to buy any.

The elders of the family never all went into the back parlor together, and all tried not to see what was going on. Mrs. Peterkin would go in with Solomon John, or Mr. Peterkin with Elizabeth Eliza, or Elizabeth Eliza and Agamemnon and Solomon John. The little boys and the small cousins were never allowed even to look inside the room.

Elizabeth Eliza meanwhile went into town a number of times. She wanted to consult Amanda about how much ice cream they should need, and whether they should make it at home, as they had cream and ice. She was pretty busy in her own room; the furniture had to be changed, and the carpet altered. The "hump" was higher than she had expected. There was danger of bumping her own head whenever she crossed it. She had to nail some padding on the ceiling for fear of accidents.

The afternoon before Christmas Elizabeth Eliza, Solomon John and their father collected in the back parlor for a council. The carpenters had done their work, and the tree stood at its full height at the back of the room, the top stretching up into the space arranged for it. All the chips and shavings were cleared away, and it stood on a neat box.

But now what were they to put upon the tree?

Solomon John had brought in his supply of candles, but they proved to be very "stringy" and very few of them. It was very strange how many bayberries it took to make a few candles! The little boys had helped him, and he had gathered as many as a bushel of bayberries. He had put them in water, and skimmed off the wax, according to the directions, but there was so little wax!

Solomon John had given the little boys some of the bits sawed off the legs of the chairs. He had suggested that they should cover them with gilt paper, to answer for gilt apples, without telling them what they were for.

These apples, a little blunt at the end, and the candles, were all they had for the tree.

After all her trips into town, Elizabeth Eliza had forgotten to bring anything for it.

"I thought of candies and sugar plums," she said, "but I concluded if we made caramels ourselves we should not need them. But, then, we have not made caramels. The fact is, that day my head was full of my carpet. I had it bumped pretty badly, too."

Mr. Peterkin wished he had taken, instead of a fir tree, an apple tree he had seen in October, full of red fruit.

"But the leaves would have fallen off by this time," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"And the apples, too," said Solomon John.

"It is odd I should have forgotten, that day I went in on purpose to get the things," said Elizabeth Eliza, musingly. "But I went from shop to shop, and didn't know exactly what to get. I saw a great many gilt things for Christmas trees, but I knew the little boys were making gilt apples; there were plenty of candles in the shops, but I knew Solomon John was making the candles."

Mr. Peterkin thought it was quite natural.

Solomon John wondered if they were too late for them to go into town now.

Elizabeth Eliza could not go in the next morning, for there was too big a grand Christmas dinner, and Mr. Pe-

terkin could not be spared, and Solomon John was sure he and Agamemnon would not know what to buy. Besides, they would want to try the candles to-night.

Mr. Peterkin asked if the presents everybody had been preparing would not answer? But Elizabeth Eliza knew they would be too heavy.

A gloom came over the room. There was only a flickering light from one of Solomon John's candles that he had lighted by way of trial.

Solomon John again proposed going into town. He lighted a match to examine the newspaper about the trains. There were plenty of trains coming out at that hour, but none were going in except a very late one. That would not leave time to do anything and come back.

"We could go in, Elizabeth Eliza and I," said Solomon John, "but we should not have time to buy anything."

Agamemnon was summoned in. Mrs. Peterkin was entertaining the uncles and aunts in the front parlor. Agamemnon wished there was time to study up something about electric lights. If they could only have a calcium light! Solomon John's candle sputtered and went out.

At this moment there was a loud knocking at the front door. The little boys and small cousins, and the uncles and aunts, and Mrs. Peterkin hastened to see what was the matter.

The uncles and aunts thought somebody's house must be on fire. The door was opened, and there was a man, white with flakes, for it was beginning to snow, and he was pulling in a large box.

Mrs. Peterkin supposed it contained some of Elizabeth Eliza's purchases, so she ordered it to be pushed into the back parlor, and hastily called back her guests and the little boys into the other room. The little boys and the small cousins were sure they had seen Santa Claus himself.

Mr. Peterkin lighted the lamp. The box was addressed to Elizabeth Eliza. It was from the lady from Philadelphia! She had gathered a hint from Elizabeth Eliza's letter that there was to be a Christmas tree, and had filled the box with all that would be needed.

It was opened directly. There was every kind of gilt hanging thing, from gilt pea-pods to butterflies on springs. There were shining flags and lanterns, and bird cages, and nests with birds sitting on them, baskets of fruit, gilt apples and bunches of grapes, and, at the bottom of the whole, a large box of candles and a box of Philadelphia bonbons!

Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John could scarcely keep from screaming. The little boys and the small cousins knocked on the folding doors to ask what was the matter.

Hastily Mr. Peterkin and the rest took out the things and hung them on the tree, and put on the candles.

When all was done, it looked so well that Mr. Peterkin exclaimed:

"Let us light the candles now, and send to invite all the neighbors, to-night, and have the tree on Christmas eve."

And so it was that the Peterkins had their Christmas tree the day before, and on Christmas night could go and visit their neighbors.—*St. Nicholas for December.*

At a meeting of enthusiastic worshippers, not many hundred miles from Vineland, New Jersey, not very long ago, a young sister was called upon to lead in prayer, which she immediately proceeded to do, with a will, commencing with these words: "O Lord, we all went down to brother Smith's the other night, and brother Smith he said 'let's have a prayermeeting,' and we all knelt down, and we all prayed, and, O Lord, I wish you could have been there to hear us."

The speaker at an anniversary meeting mournfully said, "One by one, our friends are passing from us into the land of shadows." "Well," exclaimed an old lady, "you wouldn't have 'em go two by two, or all in a huddle, would you?"

A church in Kentucky is reported in the Watchman as thus rejoicing over a new pastor: "We have secured his service for the ensuing year at a salary of \$100, and are looking forward for a great blessing."

Mr. A. H. Stephens' first legislative act in the present Congress is described in a melo-dramatic way. A shrill voice was heard to say "Mr. Speaker!" and every one turned at once "toward the black-eyed ghost of a man sitting so quietly buried in his heavy blue overcoat, with a silk hat of several winters perched rakishly upon his wise-looking head. Mr. Stephens moved his skeleton right hand, incased in a brown cotton glove, as he said: 'I have a resolution that I desire to send up to the clerk's desk—a resolution that I desire to have read and put upon its passage.' Perhaps the Georgia ghost had evolved some new scheme for saving the country, and every one carefully listened for the clerk to read. The clerk read, and then every one smiled a sallow smile of disappointment. It was a resolution declaring that Mr. John Chauncey should be paid \$3.50 a day for performing the arduous task of hoisting the American flag every day upon the house side. Chauncey's pay had been stopped on account of the exhaustion of the special appropriation; hence this resolution. It was passed. Said one member in a whisper to a friend, 'Can you doubt that the South is reconstructed when the ex-Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy appears here asking pay for the man whose sole duty it is to propel on high the gay American flag where it can flaunt its gaudy face in the morning breeze?' Alexander H. Stephens gave a sigh of relief as the resolution passed. 'Dick!' he called out in a testy whisper. A burly negro came from the cloak-room and gathered up Stephens in his burly arms, carried him out to a light, invalid chair, where two stout servants seized upon the Georgia ghost, placed on a level with their shoulders, and bore him from the hall."

"Man Proposes."

An amiable but not particularly distinguished peer of the realm had his coffin ready made for him many years ago, and put up in his dressing-room. We believe that out of regard to the delicate nerves of his valet or butler, it was subsequently placed in an upper chamber; but as years rolled away, the noble lord enjoyed a sort of practical sermon by going to look at it, in company with his disgruntled man-servant. Now, the future tenant had left written orders that his body, when his "time" came, should be deposited in this rough coffin, made by his own carpenter; that no outward case should cover it; that no undertaker should be employed on the occasion; that eight of the laborers on his estate should bear the coffin and hold the pall, and that he should be buried in his parish churchyard. Well, "man proposes," &c. It so happened that in fulness of years and body the peer died, as even peers must do. He died in London. His executors sent for the coffin, then lying in the country house, and on the arrival the body was placed in it, or rather, the attempt so to place it was made, but failed; for, what with the weight of the peer and the decayed condition of the coffin, the latter fell to pieces, like a trick in a pantomime. What followed would, but for lack of consciousness, have made the defunct peer mightily angry. All his long-cherished arrangements were, necessarily, disregarded. An undertaker was employed; a new "receptacle," which he had never beheld, was made to order. He was not borne therein on the shoulders of his laborers, nor buried in his own parish churchyard, which was closed, but in a metropolitan cemetery which was not, on due payment of fees.—*London Paper.*

Rowland Hill in his later life used to come to his chapel in a carriage. He got an anonymous letter rebuking him for this because it was not the way his heavenly master traveled. He read the letter from the pulpit, said it was quite true, and if the writer would come to the vestry afterward with a saddle and bridle he would ride him home.

Two Mormons, one of whom is by birth a German, have been holding public discussions in Berlin, with a view to making converts.

The century plant is a fraud. It, instead of blossoming but once in a hundred years, it proves that it flowers when ten or twelve years of age, when cultivated.

By JOSH BILLINGS:

I have examined these rich men, and I find that the happiest time of their life is when they are making their money; after they get rich and sit down to enjoy it, trouble begins.

Most people are anxious to get the first news; I want my news about four days' old, then I think I stand a chance to hear the truth.

Men who originate ideas are seldom the ones who execute them.

Without trials and temptations man would be nothing more than a fungus.

The best way to manage children is to spank them privately and praise them publicly.

Misers are strange creatures—they seem to enjoy only those things they deprive them to see those who flatter the most succeed the best.

There is no better evidence of general depravity than to see those who flatter the most succeed the best.

There is no greater tyranny than fear. The most pleasant prospect from the top of a high mountain is to look back and see the rugged pathway we have come.

I have tried all the most approved plans, and I find the best way to manage a woman is to let her have her own way.

There is one trait of the human character that the devil himself must be proud of, and that is, that the more we have injured a man the more we hate him.

Most of the miserable would be comparatively happy if they would only compare their condition with those beneath instead of those above them.

Truth never is in a hurry, but a lie is always on the jump.

There is a great art in carrying your point without seeming at all anxious to do it.

Peace ought to be as cheap as daylight, but it is one of the luxuries, and costs us more than anything else we have to buy.

Love, which is simply the result of fear, will turn to hate the first good chance it gets.

It costs less to agree with a fool than to differ with him.

Advice is generally like the bread and cheese that beggars receive—thrown over to the first vacant lot they come to. Obstinacy might be excusable in a wise man, but wise men are never obstinate.

Old age is a perch where all the aches, sorrows and ills of life come to roost.

From a speech by J. J. Talbot, who recently died drunk in Elkhart, Ind.: "I had position high and holy. The demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office and sent me forth churchless and godless, a very hissing and byword among men. Afterwards my voice was heard in the courts. But the dust gathered on my open books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had money ample for all necessities, but it went to feed the coffers of the devils which possessed me. I had a home adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could suggest. The devil crossed its threshold and the light faded from its chambers. And thus I stand, a clergyman without a church, a barrister without a brief, a man with scarcely a friend, a soul without hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

DEFINITION OF BIBLE TERMS.—A day's journey was 33 1/5 miles. A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile. A cubit is 22 inches, nearly. A hand's breadth is equal to 3 3/4 inches. A finger's breadth is equal to one inch. A shekel of silver was about fifty cents. A shekel of gold was \$8.09. A talent of silver was \$538.32. A talent of gold was \$13,809. A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents. A farthing was three cents. A mill was less than a quarter of a cent. A gerra was one cent. An Ephra or path contained seven gallons and five pints. A bin was one gallon and two pints. A firkin was seven pints. An omer was six pints. A bath was three pints.—*Ex.*

The most valuable part of every man's education is that which he receives from himself, especially when the active energy of his character makes ample amends for the want of a more finished course of study.

GOSSIP FROM NEW YORK.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

New York, Dec. 18, 1876.

"Gas, kerosenillity, lime light or electricity" is the song of our city fathers new. How shall our streets be lighted? is the question. We are accused of evil ways but we protest against walking in darkness. The demands of the great metropolis are not to be complied with, however. While some of our streets are to be lighted, pro tem, with kerosene, the claims of the electric light are being presented by such of our scientists as believe it would be beneficial, and they are receiving attention at the hands of those gentlemen who have the ordering of our civic affairs, but whose scientific knowledge rarely gets beyond metallurgy, or Mr. Bland's definition of Political Economy as the "Science of Grab." The latter, most of them understand perfectly, and the metallurgy has its fascinations in the clink of the trade dollar, to say nothing of the working of brass. If half a dozen electric lights will illuminate the dark corners in our city, we hope to have them. Perhaps if they cost more than gas, something might be added from curtailed prison expenses, which, under such conditions, ought certainly to be less.

Who is Mademoiselle Marie? She is of high family, cultured, educated for the lyric stage, will soon appear in the provinces in tragedy, are the various replies; and yet, no one seems to know anything really about her. She will probably prove one of those myths of whom we are continually hearing who are to be something, but who always are to be, and never are.

We are beginning to wonder if the Saturday gale is to be a new winter fashion. If so, it is one of those styles New York prefers not to adopt. We have had ice hurricanes for the last two weeks, and the result is that they have so chilled the majority of the people that they could not even get into that lukewarm condition on Sunday, despised by Paul, much less one of sufficient spiritual warmth to send them to church. Empty seats have been the rule in many of our fashionable churches, and I have wondered how it would do to invite our army of freezing and starving poor to occupy these seats. Some of the sermons are not so very stupid, others are brilliant, and if a benediction could be added in the way of a good warm meal at the close, I am certain there would be some converts at any rate.

Mrs. Harrison Otis, a Boston belle, has been painted by Healey, and the picture will be placed on exhibition at the next Paris Salon. It is much praised abroad, and is said to equal any of Sir Peter Lely's beauties. This may possibly be, for Healey was a good painter before he went abroad, but it will be a long time before Americans forget the assault he made upon Miss Hosmer and the poet artist Story; an attack which he failed to substantiate.

The Union Club here, is well known as a political club. That under the existing excitement, an outbreak should eventually occur in which strong epithets were used, need scarcely be considered surprising; but when the young blood which the aristocratic and old fogey union congratulated itself upon having taken into its body, gets at fever heat, and a row occurs there, then it is another matter. Quite a difference 'twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Were you acquainted with some of the dignified original members, you could imagine how shocked they are. Starch predominates, but with an elegance of manner, even if it is precise, that the present generation have forgotten, a protecting consideration for woman, that belongs to a past time. Fancy these gentlemen, then, being first startled by Prince Jim, in a nasty temper, knocking the wine glasses on the floor, because the waiter was not expeditious enough, and eventually acting as backer in a prize fight between two of the members, who had a sparring match on the sidewalk in front of the club. After they had mauled each other enough, the seconds interfered and the punished men went home. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Fearing returned to the Club, but soon got in an angry dispute over the relative pluck and science of the former disputants, and returned to the sidewalk to settle their little difficulty in the same scientific and gentlemanly way. Kid gloves were removed, broadcloth claw-hammers with white silk linings dashed the pavement. Prince Jim got in the first blow, but his opponent, Mr. Fearing, planted his fist between the Prince of Polo's eyes, his head came in contact with the curbstone, and this phosphorescent light of journalism came near being extinguished. He was carried into the Club, senseless, and afterwards removed to his own quarters, becoming an interesting invalid. The first combatants, Ellison, the son of a rich Fifth Avenue widow, and Lance Neal, a leader in the fashionable world, were expelled. Messrs. Fearing and Bennett were set upon by the august Governing Committee, but are permitted to remain. The sidewalk fight was not considered so derogatory to the Club's dignity, as the smashed glassware.

A real estate transaction, whereby \$500,000 worth of the most eligible and productive property has changed owners,

is among the sensations of the week. The property in question is located in the financial center of New York—in Broad and New streets, Exchange place and lower Broadway. There are some thirty buildings in all, largely occupied by brokers, bankers and corporations, for whose tenancy they have been admirably adapted. They were formerly owned by Edward Matthews, a great real estate operator, but have now passed into the possession of the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company, of Hartford. The negotiation has been successfully conducted for the company by Mr. H. J. Furber, its financial manager, a gentleman of remarkable energy and shrewdness. The property mentioned is under lease for the next two years at an annual rent of \$212,100.

The fan-bouquet now covers the front of dresses that begin too late.

The Christmas tree is not a tree at all this year, but a big invitation snow-ball.

Facts and Fancies.

We can hardly learn humanity and tenderness enough except by suffering.

Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.

A mother's lover for her baby never dies, until she attempts to comb its hair.

The woman who neglects her husband's shirt front, is not the wife of his bosom.

It cost the last Lord Mayor of London \$85,000 to maintain his official dignity one year.

When a man has not good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.

Why is a prosy preacher like the middle of a wheel? Because the fellows around him are tired.

A man was in Danbury the other day selling cork soles for shoes, which might be called a peddle extremity.

Were all men to bring their burdens of sorrow to be equally divided, each on reflection would choose his own.

It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others and lose power over a man's self.

We do not choose our own parts in life, and have nothing to do with these parts. Our simple duty is confined to playing them well.

A man of sixty and a woman of fifty eloped in North Carolina, not because anybody opposed their marriage, but for the sake of the romance.

A Wisconsin paper says: "The Board of Education have resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high."

There is one advantage in having false teeth. If they begin to ache you can take them out and lay them on the mantelpiece until they become more reasonable.

Most men call fretting a minor fault, a foible, and not a vice. There is no vice except drunkenness which can so utterly destroy the peace, the happiness of a home.

A woman who was told that some tables in the Russian department were made of malachite, exclaimed: "My goodness! I thought Malachite was one of the prophets."

An old woman, who came near being run over by a hearse, declared she was not at all superstitious, but always thought it would be unlucky to be killed by a hearse.

Sidney Smith once remarked, "After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is."

He ran three blocks after what he thought was a street-car light, and after he got out of breath he laid down on the door-step disgusted that it was only a lightning bug on his spectacles.

There is no trace in Greek antiquity of a windmill or watermill, nor is there any in Latin antiquity of a windmill. The latter was introduced into England in 1299, probably from Holland.

A girl died in Vermont the other day from poison in the stockings which she had been in the habit of wearing. This may serve as a lesson to girls not to pull their stockings on with their teeth.

In Springfield, Mass., tramps who get lodging and breakfast at the city's expense are put to work on the streets four hours next day. One morning fifteen of a party of twenty broke and ran, thus escaping the work.

"What did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a Massachusetts teacher of the class in American history. "To worship in their own way and make other people do the same," was the reply.

Devout mother (to young lady who is burning up love-letters on Sunday):—"What are you doing there, my dear? Are you burning incense?" Young lady:—"O no, ma; I am only burning non-sense."

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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JOHN LEWIS SPENCER, Associate Editor,
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AUSTIN W. MANN, Editor,
Flint, Michigan.

REV. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor,
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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DEC. 23, 1876.

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PUBLIC NOTICE.

Mr. Austin W. Mann, one of our associate editors, is our authorized agent at large and particularly in the West. Mr. Mann is commissioned by us to collect subscriptions, obtain new subscribers, and procure correspondents for the JOURNAL and also to contract for advertisements for the same.

The Rev. Charles B. Fisher.

The death of this well known clergyman occurred in Hartford, Conn., on Friday, November 24th. He graduated at Trinity College, in 1842. In the course of two years he was ordained a deacon and soon after a priest by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brownell, of Connecticut. He passed most of his life as the Rector of St. Paul's Church, Hartford, and accomplished an immense amount of work among the poor. He probably baptized, married, and buried more persons than any other clergyman of this country. He was of a kind, and cheerful spirit. He was beloved and esteemed by every one who knew him. He was always a sincere friend of deaf-mutes, having services for them in his church whenever Rev. Dr. Gallaudet could find time to hold them. He learned the manual alphabet and some of the most common signs. His name should be held in grateful remembrance by our deaf-mute friends.

A Very Pleasant Little Christmas Party.

The sixteen deaf-mutes and five other persons gathered at our parlors at 5 p. m., on the 25th inst., met not for the purpose of discussing the turkey question nor with the intention of testing the delicacy of the oyster. Business was at stake of more importance than that of carving turkey or dishing oysters. The object in view was to witness the marriage of our deaf-mute friends, Mr. Evan W. Evans, of Rome, N. Y., and Miss Mary Fanwood, who for the past two years has been an inmate of our home.

No formal party was announced for the occasion; a few friends, however, were present to witness the ceremony. Among the deaf-mutes were Messrs. J. T. Southwick and Dennis Mahoney, of Albany, and Prof. A. Johnson, of Rome, the former being at the time guests of ours, and the latter of Mrs. Chandler.

For some time past it has been apparent that Mr. Evans frequently had occasion to visit this place, and it was also plain to be seen that Miss Fanwood interposed no serious objections to his visits, and the sequel of the 25th proved conclusively that the conspiracy was an affair in which two were mutually agreed. As per arrangement, at 5 o'clock in the evening, Rev. R. M. Hayden, Rector of Grace Church of this village, after having just partaken of a sumptuous Christmas dinner with some of his parishioners, appeared on the spot fully prepared for the pleasant task to which he was invited. Assisted by the editor of the JOURNAL as an interpreter, he very soon and beautifully adjusted the knot which made the twin one flesh.

After the usual salutations tendered to the bride and groom, they prepared to leave for their bridal tour to Rome, where is to be their future home. It is needless to say here that the bride was the happy recipient of numerous valuable presents from her friends as evidences of their high esteem and love for her.

At 6:40 the same evening the newly-wedded left by the evening express for their destination, accompanied as far as Richland by thirteen of their deaf-mute friends, and during this short trip they had a very pleasant, jolly time. We heartily congratulate Mr. Evans for so successfully capturing a Mexican maid, and Mrs. Evans for so strategically catching not a "Tartar" but a "Roman." His friends affirm that she has found a good husband; hers know that he has won an estimable wife. Evan is not an institution-educated man, but can converse freely and intelligibly by sign language. He is a man of practical worth and integrity, and where he is best known is highly respected by friends and acquaintances. Mary graduated from the New York Institution, where, during her school days she gained a large circle of friends, by all of whom she was much loved. For two years she has lived in

our family, highly cherished as a companion, and endeared to all in the village to whom she was known. We were very loth to part with her company, but tender to both our sincere wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

The Institution Papers.

Mr. J. Van Nostand, late principal of the Texas Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, but now on the professional corps of the New York Institution, was not present at the Belleville Convention, but he forwarded a memorandum of subjects he wished considered. Among them we find the following:

"I desire to enter a protest against the multiplicity of little papers not worth their postage. Cannot an Institution having the means, be content to teach the art of setting up and distributing type and correcting proof, which is all that is necessary to make a 'compositor,' without printing a newspaper?"

It is not clear where Mr. Van Nostand's protest comes in. The only reason we can discern is because the papers, are "not worth their postage." Well, that is for the publishers to say, they pay the postage themselves, and not those who subscribe or to whom the paper is sent gratuitously. We do not believe in looking a gift horse in the mouth, much less in disputing the great American principle, whereby each man is suffered to pay his own postage without comment or criticism.

But we suppose Mr. Van Nostand has grounds of objection, or he would not have entered his protest. Whether they begin and end with the torturing question of the value of postage—a question that has for years baffled the nation's assembled wisdom, and to which the poet tunes his lyre, viz.,

A three cent stamp for a letter,
A two cent stamp for a newspaper,
etc.,

we do not pretend to know. It is enough that the gentleman protests, and we will go on to say why we think these little papers good and desirable institutions.

In the first place they are home papers, not foreign importations; and who does not love his home paper? They are things to which every pupil of mature attainment can contribute the making up. They tell all about what is going on in and about the particular institution: who is married, who has died, how many pupils and what they are doing besides school-room work; who has resigned and who has been appointed, and a lot more equally dry and monotonous to Mr. Van Nostand, perhaps, but particularly interesting to the friends of the Institution, who are continually sending in news letters and bits of information by which each graduate hears from his quondam classmate or school-mate.

Sent to other Institutions, these papers furnish interesting information of official changes, plans and methods of procedure, and which so far from being useless, are deemed of sufficient importance to be reproduced in the *Annals* itself. The JOURNAL is not unfrequently indebted to these papers for timely and new information, which it gladly accepts and gives extended publicity.

The idea that a compositor is made by simply setting up type and then distributing it—a putting up and pulling down, betrays the novice in him that expresses it. There are necessities of instruction in the way of correcting proof, arranging and making up forms, press-work, and little odds and ends, a familiarity with which is expected of every good compositor. No better way, and in many cases the only way to accomplish all this is to publish a little paper which, even if made up entirely of scissoring, and consequently suspicious as to value in postage, loses none its utility as a factor in office instruction.

We belong to those who believe in the power of the press, and, cheerfully acknowledging the great good it has done in the past and what it is destined to do in the future, always hold ourselves ready to welcome and uphold accessions, however little and humble they may seem.

Our Prospects for 1877.

The attention of our readers is called to our prospectus for 1877, published elsewhere in this week's issue. With the advent of the new year the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL enters upon the beginning of its sixth year. During its past five years' career, its circulation has been steadily increasing in proportion to its growth in popularity and favor among the deaf and dumb. From a starting point of two columns, it has increased its space till it now fills from eight to ten solid columns of exclusive deaf-mute reading. Its circulation is now far greater than that of any other deaf-mute paper, and it is not only conceded by our hearing friends, but also acknowledged by the majority of reading deaf-mutes to be the best paper of its kind published. But it is to be remembered by our friends that the paper has never yet paid its own expenses; much less has it paid us for our incessant labor. The increasing list of subscribers, however, gives us encouragement to hope that if our friends will do all they can to widen its circulation by inducing their friends and companions to subscribe, our list of subscribers will in due time reach one thousand names of permanent subscribers, when it is expected it will pay expenses and leave us a small margin as a compensation for our labor. As deaf-mute papers can depend but little upon advertisements, the receipts are nearly all derived from subscriptions. Several friends have done nobly in their exertions to procure subscribers, and the result has been such as to give us much encouragement. Let others do as well and soon we shall have a circulation that will enable the paper to pay current expenses.

With our present capable assistant editors and our able staff of correspondents and contributors, we feel justified in promising that the coming year our paper will be more valuable than ever before. Help us all you can and we shall be able to make the JOURNAL more attractive than ever.

Dear friends, we are working hard for you; please do what you can for us.

With our many readers we unite in merrily witnessing the advent of 1877, and wish all our kind friends a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A Table,
For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Dec. 31st.

The Psalter for the 31st day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Isaiah XXXV.

2d Lesson—Luke II, verse 25th.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Isaiah XL.

2d Lesson—1 Corinthians II.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the first Sunday after Christmas Day.

Sunday, Jan. 7th.

The Psalter for the 7th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Isaiah XLIV.

2d Lesson—Matthew II, 13th verse.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Isaiah XLV.

2d Lesson—1 Corinthians III.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the first Sunday after Epiphany.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark them so sent: *The Itemizer*.

A few days ago we received by mail from JACOB E. TUTTLE, of Rockford, Ill., a package of chromos, comic pictures and ornamental cards, for which he has taken the wholesale and retail agency. The ornamental cards are beautifully embellished around the borders, with a blank space in the centre for name, and are very pretty. The comic pictures are quite funny. Many thanks, friend Tuttle, for dividing your pictures with the poor printer.

THOMAS J. GODFREY, ex-president and ex-treasurer of the Sunny Side Club, is spoken of as the coming president of the proposed Brooklyn Literary Association of Deaf-mutes.

The following items are taken from the *Waltham Co. Independent*, published at Elkhorn, Wis.:

HON. D. C. CHEEVER, of Clinton Junction, has just been appointed trustee of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Delavan, vice HON. W. ISHAM, deceased. Mr. CHEEVER is one of the clearest-headed, most careful and judicious men in Southern Wisconsin. "He has had large experience in public affairs; so the appointment is in every way an excellent one."

A. J. WOODBURY, Esq., Steward of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, who has been quite ill for several weeks, has about recovered, and is again on duty.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, very appropriate resolutions of respect were adopted commemorative of the character of the late WILLARD ISHAM, who was a member of the board. The Institution was draped in mourning in respect for his memory.

Some Selections.

VISIBLE SPEECH.

Visible Speech.—Well, when I first heard of it, I was misled by the name and ignorantly supposed it was some system designed to make ordinary speech more distinct to the eye, and I was enthusiastic, hoping it might prove to be some alleviation of the curse of deafness. I am wiser now, and find that ordinary lip-reading even, is no part of the plan. The system was intended primarily to help stutters, secondly to aid hearing students in acquiring through the eye a correct pronunciation of foreign languages, and its attempted adaptation to the deaf and dumb was an after thought.

What the system is, is not easy to say under a good sized volume—but you have heard the story of the Frenchman who wanted to learn to swim, and so procured a frog, which he deposited in a bowl of water, then spread himself out on the table and imitated all its movements. An arm thrust out so—a kick thus—all logical and perfect, and when that man finally went into the water, you may depend upon it he swam straight to the bottom. So far as I can understand it, the Bell system is very much like monsieur's swimming system—tip the tongue so—top of the tongue thus—back of the tongue this way, with a patent stop labelled voice on or voice off as the case may be.

If you are going to teach deaf-mutes to speak, don't for heaven's sake push 'em in—talk to them and coax them to answer just as a mother does her baby. Show them and help them, but don't give them a set of symbols harder to remember than the Greek alphabet at the outset. Get some energetic, persevering woman with brains in her head, and a heart brimful of motherly feeling in her body; and let her take the children one by one on her knee, and talk with them, play with them, interest them. Leave studies to the other teachers.

In about five years from now this Bell fever will subside so far as deaf-mutes are concerned, and there will be precious

little to show for it outside of the covers of account books, and minds that think regretfully of time that might have been better employed. If people who can hear could realize that the deaf are deaf, and that sound cannot be seen, it would save a great deal of fuss and disappointment and useless expense.

"As well be out of the world as out of the fashion" is a trite saying. Just now the "Bell System" and "pull back" skirts are the thing; by and by they will go out and some new absurdity come in; but to the end of time, unless hearing people learn the manual alphabet, or something to be invented substitute for it, pen, pencil and paper will be the sheet anchor of the deaf, and the congenital deaf will be dumb.

THE DEAF POSTILION.

In January, 1864, Joey Duddle, on the north road between England and Scotland, caught a cold by sleeping without a nightcap. Total deafness was the consequence, and, as will presently appear, a gentleman lost a wife and \$100,000 through Joey's negligence in leaving off his nightcap for only one night.

But Joey's deafness did not prevent him from driving. He had become so accustomed to his route that he was most always likely to know the questions that would be asked him while driving. At those parts of the road where objects of interest occurred to strangers, Joey faced about on his saddle, and if he perceived the eyes of his passengers fixed upon them, their lips in motion and their fingers pointing towards some gentleman's country seat, a fertile valley, a beautiful stream or a fine wood, he naturally enough presumed that they were in the act of inquiring what the seat, the valley, the stream, or the wood was called, and he replied according to the fact. Whenever he found himself progressing towards a dilemma, he very dextrously contrived by means of a sly poke with his spur, to make his hand horse evidently require the whole of his attention. At the journey's end, when the gentleman he had driven produced his purse, Joey, without looking at his lips, knew that the question was the amount of fare, and he replied accordingly. If any more questions were suspected, Joey suddenly remembered something that demanded immediate attention, so begging pardon, he disappeared not to return. Few travelers ever discovered that he was deaf, and Joey, soothed by invariable success, came to forget he was deaf, and always insisted he was only a "little hard of hearing."

Now for the man who lost his prospective bride and \$100,000.

One day a stage coach containing a pair of run-away lovers, was driven up to the inn. The gentleman told the landlord that the lady who was with him was entitled to a fortune of \$100,000, one-half of which he would cheerfully give, if he could be taken through to the next town before his pursuers arrived. The landlord assured him that he had fast horses and could take him through quicker than any other team on the road. While they were talking, Joey had hitched up two horses, and was ready to start. The couple got into the coach, the landlord waved his hand at Joey, and off they went at a rapid gait. While they were going along the gentleman would put his head out of the window every little while, to look for his pursuers; but when they had travelled a good distance, the gentleman saw the horses went so well that he had no fear of being overtaken. But suddenly he heard a crack, followed by a shriek from the lady—the hind part of the coach had separated from the fore part, and there the two lovers were left in the middle of the road with Joey, who of course had heard nothing of the break, intent on his horses and seeming to get along faster than ever with only the fore part of the coach, and the lady's trunk. The gentleman yelled to Joey to come back, but it was of no use: Joey kept right on never noticing anything, till he reached the next town. Of course the lovers were soon overtaken by the lady's friends, and she had to return home without being joined to the young man of her affections.

Poor Joey, on discovering what he had done, hid in a neighboring hay-loft for three days. When found by his master, who highly esteemed him, he was with great difficulty coaxed to resume his whip and his saddle.

How the Deaf and Dumb are Taught to Speak.

THE NEW DEAF-MUTE INSTITUTION OF ROCHESTER.

From the Rochester Sunday Morning Herald.

Gentle reader, suppose life for you was all a poor dumb-show, a dead hush of pantomime, voiceless lips, men and women passing before your eyes like silent ghosts, a tempest without sound like the tree tops, lightning without the crashing thunder, an orchestra of violins, of flutes and trumpets, of drum and bugle, whence no harmonies issued; suppose that you had never heard the thrilling appeal of the orator, the aria of the soprano whose voice, soaring like the lark above the waves of the orchestral symphony, seem to link the celestial spheres with ours; suppose you had never heard your mother sing the cradle song, nor listened through all your years to a tone of love or inspiration; suppose you dwelt at the heart of a silent universe where it was still at midnight, still at noonday and always still; suppose all this, and you will have some faint conception of the deaf-mutes' condition, and will supplement your Thanksgiving devotions with fervent gratitude that the good Lord gave you ears to hear. Three months ago the

ROCHESTER DEAF-MUTE SCHOOL

was opened in the two capacious dwelling-houses on South St. Paul street, near the corner of Court. These buildings face the river, are centrally located, and temporarily answer very well for the

purpose to which they are devoted. But it is hoped that when the assured success of this institution shall become manifest to the authorities of this State and city, more ample provisions will be made for the unfortunate but interesting class for whose benefit the institution has been established. About a year ago the first steps were taken towards establishing this school. A meeting was held at the Mayor's office on the 3d of February last, at which the celebrated philanthropist, Dr. Gallaudet, was present. In addressing those before him, he said:

"About a year ago the New York Institution was so overcrowded, having between 500 and 600 pupils, that it was deemed expedient to establish a similar Institution in Rome, known as the Central New York Institution. It commenced in a small way and has now 59 pupils; but still the number in the New York Institution has not diminished. This fact led to the thought of establishing another Institution in Western New York. The idea has been encouraged by influential citizens of Rochester, and he trusted that the results following this meeting would be every way beneficial."

The project was successfully carried out. The Legislature shortly afterwards, through the zealous efforts of Hon. Neil Gilmour, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, passed the necessary bill, and about two months ago the Rochester Institution came into existence. Friday afternoon a reporter of the *Herald* visited the school for the purpose of obtaining information regarding it that would be OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF ROCHESTER.

Upon entering the pleasant and tastefully furnished front parlor, used as an office, he was politely greeted by Professor E. F. Westervelt, the principal of the institution, and invited to be seated. On making known his errand, the Professor at once consented to communicate all the information at his command concerning the institution. These schools for deaf-mutes are a part of the public school system of the State, and are supported out of the public funds. The expenses of all pupils under twelve years of age are paid by the counties in which they reside, while those above that age up to twenty-five, are supported at the institutions by the State. The importance of such provisions may be in part shown by explaining that there are between 800 and 900 deaf-mutes of school age in this State, who, by their infirmity, are debarred from instruction in the public schools. Though the Rochester school has been in operation but two months, there are now 43 pupils from this and adjoining counties, and others of right belong here, who are now instructed elsewhere. Of this number some ten or twelve are from Monroe county and nine are from the city of Rochester itself. The school in this city is fortunate in having for its faculty a thoroughly competent and accomplished corps of instructors. The principal is

PROFESSOR Z. F. WESTERVELT.

a gentleman who has lived from childhood in one or another of these institutions, and though yet a young man, is as familiar with every phase of his work as we are with the sound of our own voices. To him the minds of his pupils seem to be like open books, hardly requiring the interposition of tongue or even fingers for the interpretation of their thoughts. He is ably seconded by Mrs. Westervelt, his wife, and Miss Ella Hamilton, both teachers of articulation, and all from the New York Institution; and Mr. E. P. Hart, of this city; and Mrs. Louisa P. Peet, matron, widow of the former principal of the New York Institution.

After communicating the above facts, Mr. Westervelt invited the reporter to look at two or three of his classes in their recitation rooms. Passing through the folding doors, a group of a dozen or fifteen children was found at their recitations, under the instruction of a young girl about fifteen, herself a deaf-mute, who was supplying the place of a teacher temporarily absent. The Professor made a few lightning-like signs to a bright-looking little girl, whereupon she took up a pencil and rapidly, as well as neatly, wrote her name. The reporter certainly never saw chirography equal to it from one so young. A little boy then did the same, and one still smaller rapidly and correctly spelled with his fingers a number of words given to him. The Professor then explained for the reporter's benefit the improved system of

TEACHING ARTICULATION.

now in vogue. It is known as the "Bell System," from the name of its inventor. A profile of the human face, and the interior of the mouth is drawn on the board, each part, the lips, tongue and roof of the mouth being indicated by some sign. The pupil is taught the significance of these signs, and then by placing them together according to the method of pronouncing a letter or articulate sound, the instructor indicates to the pupil, who has never heard a sound, the way to do it. One of the boys before referred to, who has been studying articulation but a short time, was called up, and, when asked to pronounce the letters "T" and "L" did so with surprising distinctness. But the reporter was almost startled when, in response to a few words addressed without sound by the Professor to the young lady teacher, she said, in a pleasant voice and with a smile, a few words about the gentleman visiting them. Deaf she might be, but certainly not mute.

But articulation is not the natural form of speech for the deaf-mutes. In Germany that system is taught exclusively, and, as only about one-third of the deaf-mutes are able to acquire speech, two-thirds are turned away from the Institutions of that country without instruction. Those people of but four senses belong by the absence of sound among those primitive and simple forms of expression. They are pantomimists, and their language is the most natural and ancient of the world. The deaf-mute, or one who has learned their form of expression, can communicate intelli-

gibly with the people of any rude and uncultivated race. A gentleman from Burmah, India, has visited this Rochester school, and held converse with people in the sign language, and Professor Westervelt says that he has himself carried on conversation in this way with some of the American Indians. Indeed, a deaf-mute has to translate his form of thought into the English or any other artificial language when he writes or articulates it. The system of instruction employed in this country is known as the French System, which takes advantage of this natural language. A child can be addressed more intelligibly by an expert in these signs after a day's acquaintance than his parents, who have been with it from infancy. The cow is described by its horns and milking, a horse by being driven, a man by his hat, a bird by flying, and so on. We would be glad to speak more fully of our visit to the several classes, but our crowded columns will not permit.

The reporter spoke of a slight peculiarity in the idiom, as written, of deaf-mutes and the Professor explained it as follows: "The language of pupils after leaving school is often very peculiar. This is owing to a variety of causes—one great thing that the pupils never hearing our common conversation, so different is it from that in which our books are written, that when one talks in the style of our best authors, he is looked at askance. These poor children never hear any of our rattling jokes, smile and repartees—they know nothing of slang. They are always striving after bookish forms and peculiarly involved expressions. Then, too, and in a greater degree, the cause of their peculiar idiom is the fact that few of them are really well educated. They may have naturally intelligent minds, but they have not been made to think in English, they think in signs or a series of pictures and their written or spelled sentence is a translation."

Upon inquiring more fully as to the whereabouts of the deaf-mutes from this section who should attend this institution, the reporter learned that notwithstanding the crowded condition of the New York schools, many are yet there who should be in the Rochester Institution. Perhaps a little attention from Superintendent Gilmour to this matter would be advisable. For the benefit of parents having children afflicted in this way, it should be said that everything that can be done to make them comfortable and happy is done at this institution. It is a home as well as a school. And to our citizens the reporter would add, go and visit it for yourselves. It was gratifying to learn that many had already remembered it by substantial assistance. So let it be in the future, and these unfortunate lives will be made brighter by such benefactions.

A Reception by Mutes.

The annual reception and fair at the Home of Superannuated Mutes, at 220 East Thirteenth street, Nov. 22d, 1876, was presided over by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who has a mute mother and a mute wife. The Home has nine inmates, five women and four men, not one of whom has ever spoken a word. Their appearance was cheerful, and animated. Their home is a rented house, and is pleasantly fitted up. The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, which opened the Home four years ago, has an untouchable fund of \$5,000 accumulated by contributions. Dr. Gallaudet's mute mother is 79 years old, and not one of her descendants to the fourth generation is deaf, his own children having had both a mute mother and grandmother.—N. Y. Paper.

WANTED:

EVANS—FANWOOD.—On Monday, Dec. 25, 1876, at the residence of H. C. Rider, by the Rev. R. M. Hayden, Rector of Grace (Episcopal) Church, residing by Mr. Rider, as interpreter, Mr. Evan W. Evans, of Rome, N. Y., to Miss Mary Fanwood, of Mexico, N. Y.

ORISKANY FALLS, N. Y., Oct. 2, '76.

From the effects of an unusually severe cold, I became so hoarse as to be able to speak but little above a whisper. The use of Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup for a few hours, gave me perfect relief. I have been affected so several times, and always find prompt relief from the use of the Syrup. I am satisfied that it is a valuable medicine of its kind, and would recommend its use to those in need of a cough remedy.

My sister's children are subject to croup. They always keep this Syrup in the house, and find its timely use always prevents severe attacks of this so frequently fatal disease.

F. C. BROOK.

No one can give so reliable information in regard to the value and sale of a medicine as the dealer. Ask your druggist what he knows about this remedy. Gratuitous samples can almost always be obtained. For sale by dealers generally.

50-4.

Oswego County Agricultural Society.

Annual Election of Officers.

At the annual meeting of the Oswego County Agricultural Society held in this village, Dec. 27th, 1876, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. J. Hart of Oswego; Vice President, L. M. Tyler of Pulaski; Treasurer, L. H. Conklin of Mexico; Secretary, H. L. Barton of Mexico; Directors, Elihu Trowbridge of Mexico, and R. E. Sill of Hastings.

—A Dime Social under the auspices of the Ladies' Improvement Society of the Presbyterian church, will be held at the residence of Mrs. J. R. Stone, on Wednesday evening of next week. Refreshments free.

—Mrs. Edwin Emory made her husband a very fine present last Tuesday. It was a loy.

A Visit to the County Buildings.

By invitation of the Superintendents of the Poor, the Board of Supervisors visited Mexico, yesterday, for the purpose of inspecting the county buildings, observing the condition of the inmates, eating a good dinner, and last and most important, considering the necessity of enlarging the buildings, which are at present inadequate to accommodate all of the paupers and incurable insane who must be cared for by the county. Most of the Supervisors went from Oswego on the 1:10 P. M. train. Conveyances were in waiting at the Mexico depot and they were taken immediately to the poor house, being escorted by Superintendents of the Poor, Witase and Edick, and met at the poor house by Superintendent Baldwin. Judge Whitney accompanied the Supervisors.

After getting warm in the reception room of the poor house, the Supervisors, under the charge of the Superintendents of the Poor and Freeman Richardson, keeper of the poor house, and D. B. Hunt, keeper of the insane asylum, spent an hour making an inspection of the buildings. The insane asylum was first visited. There are at present thirty-seven inmates, twenty-three females and fourteen males. The female department is overcrowded and some of the women have to sleep upon the floor. If there should be any further applications for the admission of women to the insane asylum they would probably have to be refused. Keeper Hunt appeared to thoroughly understand each case and was able to give the Supervisors much interesting information in regard to the treatment of the insane and the peculiarities of the several inmates of the asylum. Everything was found in good order. The rooms and halls were neat and clean and comfortable and the unfortunate creatures were as comfortable as their condition permits. There is only one case where strict confinement to a room is necessary. All the others have free access to the halls and yards at all times of the day.

In the poor house as well as the asylum, order, cleanliness and comfort reigned. The visitors were guided into every nook and corner of both buildings. The kitchen, furnaces, dining rooms, store rooms, bath rooms, bed rooms, etc., were closely examined. The condition of things was such as to reflect credit upon the keepers. And we were assured by those who have frequent occasion to visit the buildings, that they were found yesterday in their every day condition, no better or no worse than they are kept all the year round.

The two buildings are about 15 or 20 feet apart, and the plan for extending them is to build an addition which shall connect them, covering the now vacant space between the ends of the building. It is claimed that this will furnish accommodation for 15 more insane, and no further extension will be needed for a good many years to come. The addition will cost \$1,500 or \$2,000. The proposed enlargement seems to be a matter of economy to the county. The State Board of Charities allows the county to provide for its own chronic insane so long as they are provided in such a way as to meet certain conditions laid by the Board. When the county fails to meet these conditions the chronic insane must be removed to Ovid, and the cost of keeping them there, four dollars per week per head, is charged upon the county. At Mexico they can be taken care of for one dollar and a half a week. A simple calculation will show that the county will save money by taking care of the incurable insane at home. The cost of the enlargement proposed will be saved in a few years.

These arguments were presented to the Supervisors by the Superintendents of the Poor while passing the buildings. The necessity for the increased accommodations was so plainly seen that we have no doubt the Board of Supervisors will order the addition to the buildings before the end of the present session.

After the tour of the buildings was completed the visitors were invited into the dining room of the poor house, where a bountiful repast had been provided. With good appetites full justice was done to the substantial edibles with which ables were loaded. After dinner was finished, Supervisor Root called the "meeting" to order and on his motion Supervisor Nichols was chosen chairman of the occasion and Supervisor Comstock, secretary. Judge Whitney was first called upon for a speech and responded briefly. Remarks were also made by Supervisors Hart, Lee, Babcock, Brigham, Sage, Boyd, Root, and Nichols and by Mr. Wart, Clerk of the Board, and Dr. Johnson of Mexico. The evidences of good management observable in the poor house and insane asylum were commented on and the keepers were complimented. The speakers generally thought that Oswego County had reason to be proud of her institutions for the care of the poor and insane.

Superintendents Witase and Baldwin and keepers Hunt and Richardson were inquired of in relation to the proposed enlargement of the buildings and gave the required information. Mr. Baldwin made a very clear and convincing statement of the necessity for enlarged accommodations and gave an outline of his plan for the addition substantially as presented above.

The company afterwards adjourned to the reception rooms of the poor house, where an hour was spent in discussing informally matters relating to the poor house farm. The Supervisors returned to Oswego on the evening train.—*Oswego Times, Friday.*

THE WORD.—In another column will be found an advertisement of *The World*, which ranks among the foremost papers in the country, and well deserves the great influence it has attained.

—Happy New Year to

CORRESPONDENCE.

Anniversary of the Chicago Deaf-Mute Society.

CLARENDON HILLS, Ill., Dec. 22, '76.
EDITOR JOURNAL.—The committee on arrangements has authorized me to announce that the members of the Chicago Deaf-Mute Society will celebrate the anniversary of its organization on the evening of the 18th of January next. They have determined to do everything in their power to make the celebration a success, by enlivening the room with beautiful decorations, and will have an oration, tableaux and feast and other interesting features. Mutes from abroad desiring to be present and participate in the celebration are cordially invited to come. Our room is No. 10, at No. 89 E. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

EDWARD P. HOLMES,
Sec'y pro tem.

Salem, Mass., Notes.

SALEM, Dec. 18, 1876.
EDITOR JOURNAL.—There is but little to interest your readers in this quarter just now. Thanksgiving came and went just like any other day. Mr. Packard was at Everett, and Pres't Chapman was at Lowell, where he goes very often. Some say to see the "Lake" anyhow he keeps good company while there.

The general quarterly meeting of the Board of the Salem Society of Deaf-mutes was held on the 11th inst., all the members but one being present.

As Mr. Packard intends shortly to visit New York for some weeks, where his family are now visiting, it was thought best to employ other preachers until April; and it was resolved to invite no one who is inclined to support the Boston Deaf-mute Mission, of which E. N. Bowes is the general manager. It is reported that other societies have pursued the same course, which we shall be glad to know is true, as it is time such a society, under the control of such a man as Bowes, was put down. H. P. C.

Brooklyn and Vicinity Notes.

From our own Correspondent.
Although weddings among deaf-mutes of this city and vicinity have of late been few and far between, yet Cupid has not wholly forsaken us, as is proven by the number of engagements which have taken place during the past year, and which will most likely result in marriage as soon as times and business improve. Rumor hath it that the latest candidates for matrimony are a couple who reside in the "Bergh," but whose wedding (on account of the general stagnation in business) will not take place for at least three or four years.

Miss E. D. Clapp, a well known deaf-mute lady, has gone to spend the holidays among her friends in Troy. We hope her visit will be one of usefulness and pleasure. This lady is the teacher of the Bible class of mutes in this city, and is much respected by them, and all others who have the honor of her acquaintance.

Mr. Frank Senior, a semi-mute, who resides in this city, is by profession a designer and engraver and is also a good amateur artist—he having from memory drawn pictures of a number of great men, among them that of the late Dr. H. P. Peet. Lucky young man.

Prof. — of the New York Institution was recently over this way, visiting his mute friends and airing his new clothes.

We recently had a chat with a number of the prominent deaf-mutes of this city, and they inform us that it is the wish of a majority of them to form a literary association similar to the Manhattan Literary Association, whose rooms are at No. 222 Broadway, and who are at no great distance from their homes for them to attend with any regularity. They would have formed one some time ago, but for want of a room, which they do not feel able to hire. Will not Dr. Gallaudet please see if he can obtain for them a room in St. Mary's Church, in which to meet at least once a week? Deaf-mutes of Brooklyn, are we of the third largest city in the Union to be without an association of our own; while such places as Philadelphia and Chicago, and such country towns, have large and flourishing ones? If we are not to be behind them it is about time we aroused ourselves and went among our friends, and got them to take some interest in the organization of such a society.

The ball of the Manhattan Literary Association, which took place on the 6th inst., was financially a failure, but in other respects a success.

The following was recently found in one of our Sunday papers: "A canon of the Protestant Episcopal Church forbids the ordination to the ministry of any person who is defective in his senses or gravely maimed. Notwithstanding this, Bishop Stevens, of Pennsylvania, ordained Mr. Style, who is both deaf and dumb. A number of Episcopal clergymen and others are making a stir about it; but Bishop Stevens maintains that he is above their right. Mr. Style's mission is to the deaf and dumb people, who cannot understand ministers who speak the ordinary way; and there is a particular fitness in Mr. Style's ministry to these unfortunate persons. He can tell them to be 'doers of the Word,' even if they cannot be 'hearers only.' Considering how many ministers there are who can hardly make any more impression on a congregation than they could if they were deaf, dumb and blind, it would be a pity to hinder Mr. Style from exercising the functions of his office among those who he is, by sympathy, particularly adapted to reach." Comment is unnecessary as all know Mr. Style's abilities so well.

The Deaf-Mute Mirror, a sprightly little paper published at the Michigan Institution, is a regular and much welcomed visitor at our house.

By the time this letter is published, we will be in the midst of the holidays, we therefore wish all deaf-mutes a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. OSCEOLA.
Brooklyn, Dec. 18th, 1876.

National Deaf-Mute College Notes.

From our own Correspondent.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 20, '76.
EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.—Since the opening of this session of Congress, the new students have gone almost every day to the capitol to witness the deliberations of the august body now in session.

About two weeks ago, Prof. Porter delivered an interesting lecture on memory in the presence of the students. This was the first of a series, which are to be given this winter. The best part of Prof. Porter's lecture was his telling bits about the memory of a woman in regard to a dress. He seemed to know a great deal of the varieties of woman-kind, notwithstanding the state of single-blessedness, in which he lives. The students agree in saying that they enjoyed the lecture very much, and hope they will have a like treat at each of the other lectures.

The picture of the class of '76 has been hung up in the reading room, and is thought to be the handsomest class picture in the room.

The skating season is at its height, and the fortunate owners of skates have gone out skating almost daily ever since the ice was strong enough to bear their weight. Now and then an accident happens. Wain of '82 had a narrow escape from drowning the other day. He was only saved from a watery grave by the timely efforts of Kelly of '81, who lost one of his skates in rescuing him. It was amusing to see how cool Wain took the matter, remarking that he was not born to be drowned.

On account of the frequency with which the papers and periodicals of the reading club have been sold at auction, a waggish student wrote the following notice on the door of the room: "The reading room together with all its furniture, will be sold to the highest bidder at public auction, to-morrow. Any one desirous of buying is cordially invited to come in and examine."

While one of the new lamp posts was being raised on the stone terrace in front of our chapel, some students bequeathed a few silver coins to posterity, by depositing them at its bottom.

STUDENT.

New York and Vicinity Notes.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 18th, 1876.
EDITOR JOURNAL.—There was a good attendance of deaf-mutes at St. Ann's Church on the 10th inst., in spite of the intense cold weather. In the absence of our pastor, Rev. Mr. Chamberlain officiated. Returning home in company with a friend, through the biting wind, talking was not to be thought of, and I think that every one of my readers will agree with me in saying that it is not very tempting to expose our fingers on such freezing days as these.

Mr. B. Nelson stopped in town for a day on his way from Virginia, where he had been to witness the marriage of a brother.

Mr. Morris, formerly a teacher in the N. Y. Institution, delivered a lecture in the basement of St. Ann's Church last Thursday. Subject—Columbus and the Discovery of America.

Miss E. D. Clapp, of Brooklyn Heights, has gone to Boston for a week. After Christmas she leaves for Troy, to be present at the wedding ceremony of a friend and also to make a visit to the parents of her former pupil, John Saxton, who is now a student at the Deaf-Mute College, Washington, and a universal favorite there. No doubt the numerous friends of Miss C. will rejoice to see her in Troy again.

Announcement has just been made to me of the intended marriage of Miss M. Alderman, of Tuscola, Mich., to Mr. J. W. Foote, formerly a pupil of the Michigan Institution, on Wednesday, the 20th inst. On their way to their future home in Illinois, they will stop at Chicago. We wish them a pleasant trip, and every happiness in their new life.

The proposed tableaux of which I made mention in my last, will be conducted under efficient managers, and will no doubt prove a success. Dr. Gallaudet heartily commends the plan, and as it is to be given for the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, willing hands and hearts will do everything they can to carry it forward.

Mr. J. Loew is in town for a short time, and promises us the pleasure of his society for some time after Christmas. I hope that these holidays will be merry times for all your readers. INA.

Notes from the Western Metropolis.

The election of officers of the Chicago Deaf-Mute Society took place last Wednesday evening.

Mr. Gustavus Christenson was re-elected President, and the following new officers were elected:

James Watson, Vice President.
Ed. D. Kingdon, Treasurer.
Wm. Sullivan, Secretary.
John R. Cotton, Mr. Scofield, formerly of Jackson, Mich., and Mr. Heinlein, Board of Trustees.

These officers will enter upon their duties Wednesday evening next.

There will be a Christmas tree in the Chicago D. M. Society's room on Monday evening next. Mr. J. R. Cotton, who is full of fun and wit, dressed as Santa Claus, will enter the society's room at 8:30 P. M. I have no doubt but that a good deal of sport will be produced by his looks and manner. He will distribute presents from the Christmas tree to the members. **
December 22d, 1876.

Letter from Grand Island.

GRAND ISLAND, N. Y., Dec. 5, '76.
EDITOR JOURNAL.—I suppose the readers of your valuable paper would like to hear from the Western part of New York. The writer of this lives on an island in the Niagara river.

Election passed off very peaceably on the island this year, resulting in a tie upon the Presidential ticket, electing the Democratic candidate for Supervisor, and the election of the remaining candidates upon the Republican ticket. Several rather singular political freaks occurred. For instance, the Democratic candidate for Supervisor was elected by four majority, while the Republicans elected their Highway Commissioner by over 60 majority, and the remaining town officers by about 30 majority. Mr. Haberston, Democratic candidate for Sheriff, received a majority, while Mr. Lockwood, the Democratic candidate for Member of Congress, ran behind. Such is politics.

Times are hard and money scarce, and most persons can't raise any more than enough to live on. The season was so dry and everything parched; we had no rain for two months, from 20th July to September. The writer had about 30 acres of barley; got only about 320 bushels good for market. Corn and potatoes are not much to speak of; suffered from drought. Apples are plenty here and no market for them. Selling from 50c to \$1 per bbl., which don't pay for the bbls. and picking. Many prefer to grind them for cider and make apple butter. Send on your dyspeptic and let them eat apples and drink cider, and they will soon have no use for drugs.

I heard of a mean impostor not far from me, just above the river. He went into a house and asked the lady for some money; he was refused. Then he asked for something to eat; being refused and ordered out of the house, he began to abuse the lady and call her names. His hearing and speech were restored. He left, went into the orchard, and helped himself to all the apples he wanted. Such practices will injure the respectable deaf-mutes should they happen to go to the same house or into the same community where they are not known.

R. B. REASNER.

Obituary.

Charles Thomas Smith is numbered with the dead. He was born among the rough, rugged mountains of Sta. Co., California, July 16th, 1855. At an early age he lost his parents and was taken care of by his uncle, Mr. George Parsons, who lives in Georgetown, Eldorado Co., which had since been his home.

Before he was five years old, he learned to lip the names and deeds of our patriotic fathers. Very early he went to school. At the age of five, he delivered an oration on the Fourth of July. When he was seven and a half he lost his hearing from a severe attack of scarlet fever. In 1863, he entered the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind. Naturally indolent, he nevertheless acquired knowledge with such ease and rapidity that he soon pushed above all his classmates through three classes in two years. He could write historical and biographical sketches with astonishing accuracy. He was early familiar with most of the best American and English historians and novelists and was also noted as a varied and indefatigable reader, whose memory was almost miraculously tenacious. His diction, versatility of genius, easy and ready flow of language and consciousness and clearness of style were already such as veteran journalists and historians might envy. He was a living dictionary and encyclopedia. In all the exhibitions given to the public, the wide and varied range of his acquisitions enabled him to answer with comprehensiveness and accuracy, any question put to him.

In 1871, when Dr. Carr, the present Superintendent of Public Schools, gave the advanced pupils of the Institution a course of twelve lectures on chemistry, with brilliant experiments, Smith was seized with such enthusiasm about it that he at once turned his mind to the study of that science. In 1873 he entered the University of California as a special student in chemistry. He made such rapid progress in that branch for two years that he surpassed most, not all, of the seniors. He delivered two lectures with experiments in the Institution. Everybody was sure of his future greatness as a chemist. He more than once remarked that the dry, difficult books of chemistry were like a fascinating novel to him.

He left the University to take a metallurgical course as an assayer in San Francisco. He finished it in three months, and went to Virginia City, Nevada, for employment. But his love of companionship with the deaf-mutes with whom he had so long been associated, led him to adopt the profession of a teacher in the Institution. He taught over a year, and proved himself a successful and efficient teacher.

He was a member of the Excelsior Literary Society. The members of that society appointed him club historian. He wrote the biographical sketches and incidents of those who joined the society, organized in 1869; but the book is not finished. He was twice elected president of the club. When questions were given to him he used to astonish the members by the readiness and accuracy of his answers upon almost every subject. He always gave us lots of fun and satires, and he was fond of associating with the children, and telling them a great many interesting stories, so that they looked upon him as their father. He was expert in athletic games, in which he was the leader. He was also a good walker, and walked from Oakland to the Institution in fifty-five minutes.

In June, 1874, Smith joined a camping party, and with Messrs. Foland P. Fowler, Theophilus d'Estrella, and Henry Frank, enjoyed a two days' walk to Mount Diablo, a distance of thirty-two miles from the Institution. Mr. Hall, a

well-known guide of the White Mountains, escorted them to his hotel, which was built when the road from Hayward's was first opened. He also gave them the use of a tent of his, which was located about 500 yards from the summit, where they could cook as if they were at home. They saw the sunset, and the peaks of the Sierras, the names of which were given by the late Hon. Mr. Avery, United States Minister to China.

All were surprised to see young Smith throw stones. When the sun began to rise, they folded their blankets and returned home safely, having enjoyed themselves very much. Last spring they talked of making a journey from the Institution to Yosemite Valley, and thence to Mt. Shasta; but the desire was not realized.

On a certain occasion one of the editors of the *Evening Bulletin*, by the name of Mr. Samuel Williams, gave a lecture upon Travels in Egypt and Syria, before the pupils here, which was translated in sign paraphrases by Prof. Warring Wilkinson. Young Smith took no notes at the time, but the next day he wrote out nearly the whole lecture from memory, sentence after sentence being verbatim. As a piece of reporting it compared favorably with the great feats of journalists.

In May, 1876, Smith united with the Baptist Church, and conducted himself as a good Christian.

On the 4th of November he felt pain in his head (an old trouble) he had complained of for several years. He grew worse and worse till his death, which occurred on Saturday morning, the 18th inst., of necrosis of the skull. His body was taken home for burial. In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Payne preached a solemn and appropriate sermon to the pupils, and Prof. Wilkinson translated it. We feel that we sustain great loss in his death. Behold a star of magnitude and lustre leaving the zenith and shooting down to the realm of death, beyond whose barrier his immortal genius shall find exercise to its full content and satisfaction.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Berkeley, Cal., Dec. 10, 1876.

GOSSIP FROM NEW YORK.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 25, 1876.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," is the greeting one meets from every one just now, and although there may not be really any very serious thought in the words, still they convey a pleasurable feeling to every one who listens to them. Christmas Day came opportunely this year, for Christmas shopping is a wearisome work; but it had to be finished on Saturday, and then Sunday intervened as a day of rest.

The German fashion of a Christmas Tree has altogether superseded the old fashion of hanging up the children's stockings, and I have tried to decide which the children liked the better—the gorgeous tree with its wonderful fruit, which is plucked for every body, or the sudden awakening on Christmas morning, the recollection of why one is awake, and then the sudden scamper with bare feet to whichever room the stockings had been hung in; the carrying them back to bed, there to draw out their contents, enjoying a most delicious voyage of discovery, I am more than half inclined to give the palm to the good old fashion.

Still when I saw the surprise, amazement and delight of the little people on Christmas Eve, when they were permitted a view of their lighted tree, then I was inclined to think that the best. It is difficult to decide, but one thing is certain, that Christmas is growing every year to be a more cherished festival; no longer this to seem strange in a professedly Christian country, where Christ is worshipped as God incarnate, when we realize that this is His birthday festival. Being so much freer from the reality, we are not so much afraid of the shadowy bugbear superstition as our Puritan ancestors were.

It was very dirty weather the week preceding Christmas, but it did not seem to keep a single person indoors. Never was a community so good-naturedly pushed and jostled as were our city people at that time. The handles of the wheelbarrow which Pat was taking home to his heir punched up in the back, while the gun that Madame Millionaire had bought for her son nearly put your eyes out.

Bundles to right of you,
Bundles to left of you,
Bundles behind you,
Crowding and brushing.

seemed to be the inevitable result of being abroad, and in case you were walking, if you succeeded in getting home with half your purchases and your hat still on your head, you were a lucky person. The shops were never more attractive, and the dollars melted away like fairy gold when in them, though with a better result than is usually attributed to that. The poor benefited by the good feeling everywhere, for one could not be buying dollar's worth of pleasure for one's own and refuse pennies' worth to those who stretched out a supplicating hand.

To lay the foundation for winter's dyspepsia on Thanksgiving Day, and finish the structure on Christmas is now the right way to build up the national disease.

We cannot be accused here of much harshness to the Heathen Chinese. Quimbo Appo, who has killed so many people, was only convicted, in the last case, of manslaughter, and sentenced to seven years imprisonment. The results of such action as his seem to prove that, individually, a good many lives have been saved by Chinese cheap labor in this case. Seven years from now, if he is not pardoned sooner, let the people look out for the notorious Quimbo Appo.

The diamond suit, in which a woman who keeps a boarding house was accused by a boarder of stealing her diamonds, was dismissed yesterday. It caused much amusement, so remarkable was both complaint and plaintiff.

A great deal of anxiety was beginning to disturb people concerning Little Mr. Tupper, and it was said that Mr. Talmage had talked him to death, but proper search has traced him to a quiet retreat in Canada, where he is resting, rusticizing, and writing a little more proverbial philosophy.

The Baron Palma cremation, with its disgusting accompaniments and demoralizing effects, has had the effect to turn public attention entirely aside from any such way of dealing with the bodies of loved ones. Quite naturally a reaction has taken place which brings the metallic burial case to the front as fully meeting the best sentiment and sympathy of the sincere mourners. These cases or caskets have been brought to perfection, and may be relied upon as combining beauty with indestructibility; and, better than all else, they preserve with all naturalness, the features of the departed, so that, for years after death, friends may easily recognize the faces of loved ones, who thus may be literally spoken of as not lost to sight or memory. The day of the old wooden coffin of horrible suggestions has almost gone by, and that of cremation (or corpse-roasting) will never come. Meanwhile the Raymond Manufacturing Company of this city has come in to meet a universal want with its metallic, air-tight, beautiful caskets, which, as regards price and variety of style, are within the reach of all persons, and will suit all tastes.

The picture sales of last week were a subject of much interest to all art lovers, but one felt sorry to see such really good collections as both the Seabury and Johnston ones were, scattered in all directions. Most of the pictures brought fair prices, Mr. Johnston's sale reaching \$315,762. Two pilots have been fined for a collision which occurred to the boats under their management, one because he kept on and the other because he did not stop. How would that answer in railway accidents—to punish the officers all around? But in such instances the benefit of the doubt does not always seem desirable.

Some of the dolls this year are immense, and the little ones complain that their children do tire them so. A young woman who was highly recommended to a Passaic dry goods dealer from the Church of the Holy Communion in this city, has been detected in pilfering her employer's goods, which only goes to prove how little we frequently know of people that we recommend.

And now let me finish my letter as I commenced, with wishing you, as we are all being wished here, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Washington Correspondence.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 23, '76.

Last Saturday, the Senate held no session. The House resumed Friday's unfinished business, beginning with an amendment to the Post Office appropriation bill to increase the appropriation for inland mail transportation, on all other than railroad routes, \$237,993. The bill was adopted and the whole amount now appropriated is \$323,211,118. The speaker next laid before the House, the telegram from Mr. Morrison, Chairman of the Louisiana Investigating Committee, relative to Mr. Orton's refusal to deliver telegrams he had received concerning the election in Louisiana. Some discussion occurred about the propriety of its being laid before the House. Mr. Hoar objecting to it on the ground that it was a private telegram and not a report of a committee. It was discussed at some length, however, and at last referred to the committee on judiciary. The formal announcement of the death of the late Speaker Kerr was the special order of the day, and many feelingly touching speeches were made in his memory.

The counting of the electoral votes is the all-important question, which engenders the greater part of the congregated wisdom of the country; and which seems to-day to be no nearer adjustment than when it was first agitated. Many and various have been the plans and propositions for the settlement of this difficulty, and as each seems a trifle more feasible than the last, we may hope for a suitable decision at some future day seemingly far distant, to be sure, but doubtless well worth waiting for. The Senate has just announced its committee of seven, to act, under McCree's resolution of a week or two since, with a corresponding committee from the House in determining this same much vexed question. The committee consists of three democrats and four republicans, and the committee from the House will be announced to-day. Senator Wright appeared, one day this week, with a beaming countenance and an I-have-settled-it-all air, and introduced a bill to quiet all electoral difficulties that may hereafter appear, by means of a special court improvised for that express purpose.

B. F. Butler is now in town and he says that an entirely new vote will have to be taken before this political tumult will be quelled; and so it goes—from mouth to mouth—everybody exercising, in this glorious free country of ours, the unquestioned right of expressing an opinion, and nobody getting a whit near the true means of settling the momentous question of who is to be our next President.

There was an attempt made on Monday or Tuesday of this week, to take up the bill for reducing the President's salary from fifty to twenty-five thousand dollars per annum, and pass it over the veto which the President made at the last session. It elicited a sharp discussion and called out several rather unpleasant though interesting facts. One member thought \$25,000 was as much for the President as \$5,000 for a member of Congress. Another said it was a well known fact that most of our Presidents quitted office absolutely poor, and stated that he had been called upon more than once to contribute toward the support of ex-Presidents.

For the first time for years Congress will not take an extended holiday recess. Two days at Christmas and two at New Year's is to be extent of the adjournment. This is not so much because of any special press of business as in order to be prepared for any emergency that may arise.

Washingtonians are experiencing what may be truly called "a spell of weather." It has been colder for the whole of the past week than has been known in this vicinity for years, and for several days the ground has been covered with snow, hardly enough for good sleighing to be sure, though one may occasionally hear the jingle of sleigh bells.

The city would be totally devoid of excitement, despite the near approach of the holidays, but for a fine showing up, by one of the leading daily papers here, of the gambling hells of the place, which have of late been becoming notoriously open and numerous. More of our people are personally interested in this movement than are willing to admit it, and strong solicitude is felt by citizens in general. A thorough cleaning out is what is needed for these dens of infamy and are all are wishing success to the raiders.

M. M. W.

Meteorology.

Now the autumn leaves have faded,
All the trees are bare and sore,
And the winter winds are moaning
Through the forests cold and drear.

The average temperature of the three autumn months at 7 A. M. was 43.8°, at 2 P. M., 53.5°, and at 9 P. M., 45.7°. The mean temperature was 47.1°. Warmest autumn during the past 23 years was 51.1° in 1855; coldest 43.8° in 1873. Highest temperature 82°, September 1st. Highest during the above time, 93°, September 3d, 1865. Lowest 8°, November 30th. Lowest for the same time, 11° below zero, November 30th, 1875.

The amount of rain and melted snow that fell was 11.5 inches; greatest amount 18.2 inches, in 1866; lowest amount, 4.7 inches in 1867. Greatest amount of snow that fell was 25 inches in 1873.

We have had a delightful autumn with the traditional "Indian Summer" in November, which lasted until the last days of the month, when winter piped the dirge of lovely weather and awakened us to the fact that "Jack Frost" was about meddling with things that we did not expect.

E. B. BARTLETT.

Palermo, N. Y., Dec. 19, 1876.

The Sleeping Beauty.

This entertainment, given by the Sunday-school of the Presbyterian church, on Thursday evening, and repeated with changes on Friday evening of last week, so far as we are able to learn, gave pleasure to all who saw and heard it. By reason of its high character, the praise-worthy manner in which all who had part acquitted themselves, and because of the good object of its earnings, it deserved a much better patronage than it received.

The fairy drama (The Sleeping Beauty) the main feature of the entertainment on both evenings, was acted by the youngest members of the school, most of them belonging to the Infant Class; and it seems hardly possible for little ones to have done better or looked prettier. The kings and queens were royal, their attendants dutiful and natural, and the fairies, in dress and wings of white gauze spangled with silver, were fairy indeed. It would not be quite fair to single out prominent actors when every one deserves mention, and we should like to publish the names of every little boy and girl who took part, but the list would be too long.

The tableau (Sweet Memories of Childhood) pictured a school-room in the olden time with the master asleep and the children "cutting up" in a manner which children need no special drill to perfect.

In the pantomime were vividly set forth in contrast the employments of young ladies in the early days of our grandmothers, and at the present time.

In statutory, there were the Sisters of Bethany, representing them at the moment when Martha said to Mary: "The Master is come and calleth thee; Vant-y, a little girl in short dress gazing with admiration upon her extemporized trails: Summer in gauze, flowers and fan; Winter in flannel and hood, shivering; the Flower girl with a blossom, dropped from her basket to the pedestal; and the Christmas Graces, each with her appropriate emblems. Some of these representations of "frozen music" were the best possible under the circumstances, and perhaps others might have been improved, but all were beautiful. Their success is due to Miss Emma N. Beebe.

The Evening Prayer to the Virgin was very sweetly sung, while in tableau she was represented with nuns kneeling around her. Nothing in the entertainment was received with greater favor than "Don't be sorrowful, darling," (Mary and Strong Bennett), sung while the old man and woman sat at the fireplace together.

On the second evening a very amusing farcical, Farewell, was acted by eight young men, two young ladies and three little children. The acting of each was admirable, the young men proving themselves equal to almost any emergency. Mrs. Van Duzee's reading on both evenings was a rare treat, and to those who had never had the pleasure of listening to her before was indeed a surprise. We understand that, while living quietly at home, she holds herself in readiness as a public reader, and as such we most heartily commend her. The poem, Mary Garvin, we believe, was put in at the last moment to fill, as best the reading could, a place where something better had been expected.

Added to these, but not on the programme, were a brief and very literal Essay on Man, by Prosper Taylor; the Dear Slayer and Path-Finder, after

Cooper; and gray-haired Babes in the Wood, provocative of laughter.

The singing was under the charge of Dr. Becker and Mr. Orvis, Miss Cora Becker and Miss Carrie Ransom presiding at the piano, and was of a high order. A pleasing feature here was Auld Lang Syne, sung by the Old Folks, without the instrument, and led by Mr. Anson Gustin.

The mover and leader of this entertainment was Mrs. Helen Whyborn, seconded by her husband. Those called to her aid, and who also worked hard to make it a success, are Mrs. Ella Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. Louise Ely, Mrs. Dobson, Miss E. Beebe, Mrs. J. W. Bard, Dr. Becker and Mr. Orvis. The parents of the children taking part also rendered valuable assistance. The residences of Mr. John Becker were open day after day for the rehearsals of the children, and to the skillful efforts of Miss Fennie Becker, Mrs. Stratton and Mrs. Baker is due their perfect performance of the beautiful drama. To Mrs. Ely, Mrs. Dobson, Mrs. Bard and their assistants is to be given the credit of the beautiful costumes of the fairies, and efficient aid rendered in the statuary and elsewhere. Than these there have been no more faithful workers. The thanks of the school are due also to Mr. Stowell for his assistance with the colored lights in the statuary.

The Palmyra Journal gives this sensible advice to its readers: Spend your money where you make it; buy your goods at home, and not abroad; encourage your own mechanics, sustain your home paper; let each be for the other, and all for public improvement. "Charity begins at home."

Mr. A. L. Sampson has been authorized by the Board of Supervisors to rent an armory and drill room in this village for the use of the Mexico company of the National Guard.

Goodwin and Jesse Brown are home from Hartford on a visit.

We regret to learn that Mr. John Bennett is dangerously ill. Mr. George Butterfield and Elihu Trowbridge are both confined to the house by sickness.

The Baptist Sabbath School will give a Concert next Sunday evening. It is expected to be a very fine affair.

We are indebted to W. H. Ballou for copies of several Western papers.

"The World" FOR 1877.

THE NEW YORK WORLD for 1877, Daily, Semi-Weekly and Weekly, will be found to be the cheapest and best newspaper published in the United States. It will be printed in an improved form with new type upon the best paper, and no expense or labor will be spared to maintain it in every department at the highest possible standard, and to command it in all respects to the confidence and approval of public opinion in the community without regard to political opinions or religious differences.

It will lay before its readers:
The NEWS of every day of all kinds and from all quarters, by mail and by telegraph, carefully condensed and intelligently arranged, special attention being given to all Commercial, Legal, Financial, Social, Criminal and Political Transactions in the City of New York and in the United States.
FULL REPORTS, Reading and Illustrating all Congressional and Legislative proceedings at Washington, and all Meetings of importance. Religious, Literary, Educational, Scientific and Political; all Social Events, gay and grave, and Personal Information of interest to the public.
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